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Wind Wolves

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mouth and throat were too, and he tried to avoid looking at Ben's typewriter, the old battered green one that no one else would use because it skipped every third space.

They came in, one by one.

Bill Hicks, the town marshall, was first; then Bill Hart, the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce; then Ray Watson, the druggist, Paul Clark who owned the men's shop next door, and young Frisk, who grumbled about the paper and never advertised.

"What's this we hear about Ben?" they would ask.

"Why, only yesterday he was telling me he never felt better in his life."

Carl talked to them all. He went out a while, but didn't feel like selling. George and Henry and Lloyd went back to work. "Ben wouldn't see any sense in closing," Henry said.

Wind Wolves

Clyde Wilson

A. E. '41

Do you hear the cry as the pack goes by,
The wind wolves hunting across the sky?
Hear them tongue it, keen and clear,
Hot on the flanks of the flying deer?

Across the forest, moor and plain,
Their hunting howl goes up again.
All night they'll follow the ghostly trail,
All night we'll hear the phantom wail.

For tonight the wind wolf pack hold sway
From Pegasus Square to the Milky Way,
And the frightened bands of cloud deer flee
In scattered bands of two and three.